

# The War Cry

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY, CANADA.

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## Photo, Life-Sketch, Promotion and Funeral of Major W. Cooper.

1—The Red-Hot Iron Strikes Bill. 2—Run Over by a Wagon. 3—He Falls into a Trench. 4—Watching the Battle. 5—Row with Drunken Volunteers. 6—Exhausted, on a Heap of Stones. 7—Happy Bill Leading a Meeting. 8—Sick, and Attended by Kind Officers. 9—The Funeral Procession.

...ver mind lassie, the same God who brought us thus far will carry us through. So said our brave and devoted Major Cooper, to his wife when in the midst of the hottest battles in connection with the terrible persecution which prevailed in Montreal when the first opened fire in that city five years ago. The answer he gave to his wife mainly shows the courageous spirit of whom we much loved, but is withal very true.

The first time the writer ever saw "Happy Bill" was at a meeting in York-street, Toronto. Commissioner Adams was leading, and Bill was asked to lead. After giving a thrilling account of his career, and an impassioned appeal to the sinners, Bill struck up the "Rock of Ages." These who have seen him singing will never forget the earnestness he manifested.

He sang heartily he entered into soul, hands, feet and every other member combined. There was very little in any meetings led by "Happy

To-day he is basking in the sunshine of God's presence. He has greeted our dear Army Mother on the heavenly shore. Miss Margetta, Mrs. Morris, Madden, Eastwood, Vase, Gierro Jones, Lalrel and other departed warriors have sung his eternal welcome home, but the blessed memories in connection with his brave fighting career will never be forgotten. In trying to write a sketch of such a life, pen fails. Volume after volume could be filled with the stirring facts and scenes in connection with his career, both before and after conversion. However, we must do our best and herewith give his photo and other sketches, praying that God will make it a means of great blessing to all who read it.

From childhood his path was a checkered one. He first saw the light at Harrowgate, York, Eng. in 1862. His father who was a tailor by trade had one day gone into the basement to heat a twenty pound iron. It was very hot and burned his fingers. Consequently dropped it on his father's stomach. Little Bill followed his father to the foot of the stairs. The iron came tumbling down striking his forehead

freely and burning his arm severely. The scars remained till his dying day. On another occasion he was nearly killed by the wheels of a wagon. Again he fell into a deep trench which was being dug out for gas pipes to lay in; here he had another narrow escape. Drink and bad habits followed. His father who had been a moderate drinker, now set his son a bitter example and became a confirmed drunkard. His business thus went to the dogs and ere long, father, mother and all were without home or friends. Said Bill, in talking of his past life, "Many a time has my mother, with breaking heart, watched from the bedroom window, the balliff trying to get into the house to seize the few things which

**Drink and the Devil**

had left us for our faithful service to him."

About this time Bill joined the volunteer army and led a reckless life. Often his poor mother crept down the stairs to let in her poor drunken boy, and he only sixteen years of age. In one of these drunken episodes with the volunteers he had an awful fall putting out his collar bone, but

he got more hardened than ever. However, there was mercy for him. He once said, "I am so glad that God ever said, if you be good Bill, I will not only forgive your sins and iniquities, but remember them against you no more, but oh what wages, what roasting for the sowing."

Homesick and penniless Bill and his father—with poverty and misery outside and a wretched, insatiable appetite for drink and tobacco inside—tramped the roads begging bread. Tired and weary they trudged along without food. So fatigued were they that they lay down on a heap of stones to die. Some kind hand took them to a house and after refreshment they continued their journey.

During all these trying hours God was watching over Bill. He pitied him. The

**Means of His Conversion**

were the old S. A. drum and the testimonies of Army soldiers.

In brief we give his career in the S. A. Accepted for the work July, 1883. Stationed in Rainton for six weeks. While at

Causing the Blood to Flow

**"Shilling" Suggestion.**  
THE EDITOR OF THE "WAR CRY."

General Booth's book is awakening interest in working men, as I have seen in conversing even with those who are not connected with the Salvation Army. I proposed to one that we should start a subscription from every working man in Great Britain who is in work. He said he would send me the names and the fund the General needs to carry out his unselfish scheme for the

of "the submerged tenth" of our  
creatures.  
The Captain of every corps would receive  
ward it.  
Will you oblige by giving effect to the  
question in your marvellous paper?  
Yours truly,  
WESLEYAN MINISTER.  
Q.—Might it not realize £10,000?

General Booth's adoption of Social Christianity is (says the Rev. Hugh Price Jones) analogous to Mr. Gladstone's vision to Home Rule. It revolutionizes the situation, and compels everybody to face the problem."—*The Echo*.

**Of the First Water.**

Sunday night Rev. J. R. Bailoy, of  
 fax, took for his text Psalms lxxii. 12.  
 referred to General Booth's book,  
 ing of it as a scheme eminently  
 ristian. Christian churches were wak-  
 to the fact that they had not merely

with heaven and the hereafter, and was glad that this scheme had been offered to a Christian man to carry out. Before they had thought of General H. before, he had shown himself to be a statesman of the first water, and he said that God would give them grace to take the splendid opportunity of helping

his monthly lecture to working men, and Hurst Road Congregational church, repeated, on Sunday evening, Mr. Horrie briefly summarising the contents of Mr. Booth's book, said his humble was to deepen the impression that must inevitably make on England, and he wished every page could be burnt branded into the heart of every one of our workers.

The writer believes he can save a large portion of the submerged three millions. Mr. Horton boldly avowed, "I think the reason for his confidence, for, united in his tenderness of heart, he has a great deal of the practical coolness and sternness of spirit that are absolutely necessary, moreover, he has partially carried out some of these schemes already. Will the people be to raised after themselves? of the scheme? Very probably, yes."

...and four-horns of the outcast. And these of London would be as well off as any here, but for the drink. Give them room from that one temptation, and chances will be good.

General Booth has the greatest guarantee of success that he crany other reformer has—his belief in God. He believes what all men want is radical change, and also that if many of these men are to believe in Jesus Christ they must be helped out of their present social

ries—a most unusual combination. General Booth emphatically recognizes the vicious rich are every bit as wicked as the vicious poor; and because he recognizes that I want to ask you to join your warmest approval and sympathy. He has discovered, too, what we now know to admit, that some of these people can save spiritually, but unless they are surrounded by a constant guarding of their will be sucked back again into

He has recognized also that we must  
eat at the root of the social evil. I be-  
lieve this book to be one of the most dis-  
turbances of Christ. I recognize in  
the course of the Son of Man, who came  
to seek and to save the lost."

And then Mr. Horton startled his hearers  
asking all who felt they could give  
their support to Booth's scheme their approval and  
to stand up. Nearly the whole of

Really you ought to possess

COLLECTING BOX.







## War Cry.

**W a**

**NIGHT** souls were saved on the fall  
Sunday. . Get a Christmas All the Wo

words of Christ! **HALTING!**

# HALTING!

**By the Commissioner.**

The reason so many people become the prey of the devil is because they *"halt"* and allow him to catch them. If people would only go fast enough the devil *could* not catch them. How true this has been in the case of men and women who have been

## Rushing on at Express Speed.

ploughing through seas of difficulties as battling for the Lord, but when the Master has said, "I want you to be an officer in the Army," they have stopped, and begun

reasoning and trying to find some excuse to relieve them of the burden. They make a careful inspection of their abilities and

say they have not sufficient ability for the task. They make a careful survey of the people in the congregation, and find that the men, the young men, the companions, and thus they go on to the devil overtake them and begin edifying them. They are not aware of his trickery they have made up their minds not to apply, and consequently

**Loose Their Souls' Pence.**

and because, in heart, not outwardly, miserable backsliders.

We have been making an appeal for years for the work of late. "Thank God," we say, "the work is being done, and they are accepted and are in training, or are they going to the House, but I have not seen them, and I have not seen them, I thought that there are many and many who have been served like this by the Lord, and I have not seen them, and I have not yet made up my mind to come out and to entirely God's for His glory."

consequently they are not as bright as  
full of peace as they once were. De  
gloom seems to be fast settling o'er the  
(their light and

**Uselessness Is Dying Out.** And they are in agony at their own case. Their cry is, "There is no use in my going any farther; there are no comforts in this life that can equal the blessed calm of that life which fills the soul of that man who has been through the furnace and is being the instrument in the hands of God in saving the lost man."

There is no man who stands as he gazes, and does nothing to save that poor man in the flames of that burning house. He is not a man who is not saving, but throwing in again until he is thoroughly exhausted. He is not a man who understands the terrible position. And he is not a man who is not saving, but saved from the wrath of God and consequently from the flames of an eternal hell. If they refuse to take part in extrication, they are not saving, but they are pit, they are bound to have hours of

**Deep Remorse and Bitter Sorrows.** Think God opens up a way by which

you can stretch forth your hand and help  
into the Kingdom those sinking ones who  
are full of sin and woe: help them out.

Why do you halt?  
Lay your heart aside. Don't be carried away by any evil misrepresentations from hell. Give the matter your careful consideration. Remember the eternal destiny of your soul hangs in the balance. If you offer yourself and are accepted by many who are now in bondage will it not glorify God?

The Kingdom needs real sanctified men and women—dare-devil people who will not be deterred by the fiercest opposition. Rush forward with the "banner of Calvary" unfurled to the breeze, and bring forth the "fruit of the Spirit." Let the women who are not for the future as long as they can win souls. No reservation on this point.

If you cannot say you are of this kind of metal, then get down on your knees

If you have had the call remember Christ knows all about the path. He asks you to tread, is well acquainted with it, know just what you need, and can

**Strengthen you for the Fight**

and help you to win every inch of the way even though the path be strewn with blood.











